But I haue done a thouſand dreadfull things,
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing grieues me hartelie indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thouſand more.
Lucius. Bring downe the Diuell for he muſt not die,
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.
Aron. If there be Diuels would I were a Diuel,
To liue and burne in euerlaſting fire,
So I might haue your companie in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luci. Sirs ſtop his mouth and let him ſpeake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord there is a meſſenger from Rome,
Deſiers to be admitted to your preſence.
Lucius. Let him come nere.
VVelcome *Emillius*, what's the newes from Rome?
Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Gothes*,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he vnderſtands you are in Armes,
He craues a Parley at your fathers houſe,
VVilling you to demaund your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediatly deliuered.
Goth. VVhat ſaies our Generall.
Luci. Emillius, let the Emperour giue his pledges,
Vnto my Father and my Vnkle *Marcus*,
And we will come, march away.

Enter Tamora and her two ſonnes diſguiſed.

Tamora. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay I am reuenge ſent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke

Knocke at his ſtudie
To ruminate ſtrange
Tell him reuenge is c
And worke confuſion

They knocke an

Titus. VVho doth
Is it your tricke to mak
That ſo my ſaddecrees
And all my ſtudie be
You are deceiude, for
See here in bloodie lin
And what is written ſ
Tamora. Titus, I am
Titus. No not a wor
VVanting a hand to g
Thou haſt the odds of
Tamora. If thou did
Titus. I am not mad
VVitnes this wretched
witnes theſe trenches m
witnes the tiring day ar
witnes all ſorrow that I
For our proud Empreſſ
Is not thy comming for
Tamora. Know thou ſa
Shee is thy enemie, and
I am Reuenge ſent from
to eaſe the gnawing vu
By working wreakfull v
Come downe and we'l c
Conferre with me of mu
Ther's not a hollow Ca